

PD POETRY – MAY 2017



Dry Water, by Matt Pierard Copyright 2017

GIVE EAR UNTO THE GENTLE LAY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems* of Paul Verlaine,
Translated by Gertrude Hall

Give ear unto the gentle lay
That's only sad that it may please;
It is discreet, and light it is:
A whiff of wind o'er buds in May.

The voice was known to you (and dear?),
But it is muffled latterly
As is a widow,--still, as she
It doth its sorrow proudly bear,

And through the sweeping mourning veil
That in the gusts of Autumn blows,
Unto the heart that wonders, shows
Truth like a star now flash, now fail.

It says,--the voice you knew again!--
That kindness, goodness is our life,
And that of envy, hatred, strife,
When death is come, shall naught remain.

It says how glorious to be
Like children, without more delay,
The tender gladness it doth say
Of peace not bought with victory.

Accept the voice,--ah, hear the whole
Of its persistent, artless strain:
Naught so can soothe a soul's own pain,
As making glad another soul!

It pines in bonds but for a day,
The soul that without murmur bears....
How unperplexed, how free it fares!
Oh, listen to the gentle lay!



AD INFINITUM

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Tempers*, by William Carlos Williams

Still I bring flowers
Although you fling them at my feet
Until none stays
That is not struck across with wounds:
Flowers and flowers
That you may break them utterly
As you have always done.

Sure happily
I still bring flowers, flowers,
Knowing how all
Are crumpled in your praise
And may not live
To speak a lesser thing.



THE NAMELESS STREAM.

the Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Isle of Palms*, by John Wilson

Gentle as dew, a summer shower
In beauty bathed tree, herb, and flower,
And told the stream to murmur on
With quicker dance and livelier tone.
The mist lay steady on the fell,
While lustre steeped each smiling dell,
Such wild and fairy contrast made
The magic power of light and shade.
Through trees a little bridge was seen,
Glittering with yellow, red, and green,
As o'er the moss with playful glide
The sunbeam danced from side to side,
And made the ancient arch to glow
Various as Heaven's reflected bow.
Within the dripping grove was heard
Rustle or song of joyful bird;
The stir of rapture fill'd the air
From unseen myriads mingling there;
Life lay entranced in sinless mirth,

And Nature's hymn swam o'er the earth!

In this sweet hour of peace and love,
I chanced from restless joy to move,
When by my side a being stood
Fairer than Naiad of the flood,
Or her who ruled the forest scene
In days of yore, the Huntress Queen.
Wildness, subdued by quiet grace,
Played o'er the vision's radiant face,
Radiant with spirit fit to steer
Her flight around the starry sphere,
Yet, willing to sink down in rest
Upon a guardian mortal breast.
Her eyes were rather soft than bright,
And, when a smile half-closed their light,
They seem'd amid the gleam divine
Like stars scarce seen through fair moonshine!
While ever, as, with sportive air,
She lightly waved her clustering hair,
A thousand gleams the motion made,
Danced o'er the auburn's darker shade.

O MARY! I had known thee long,
Amid the gay, the thoughtless throng,
Where mien leaves modesty behind,
And manner takes the place of mind;
Where woman, though delightful still,
Quits Nature's ease for Fashion's skill,
Hides, by the gaudy gloss of art,
The simple beauty of her heart,
And, born to lift our souls to heaven,
Strives for the gaze despised when given,
Forgets her being's godlike power
To shine the wonder of an hour.
Oft had I sigh'd to think that thou,
An angel fair, could stoop so low;
And as with light and airy pride,
'Mid worldly souls I saw thee glide,
Wasting those smiles that love with tears
Might live on, all his blessed years,
Regret rose from thy causeless mirth,
That Heaven could thus be stain'd by Earth.

O vain regret! I should have known,
Thy soul was strung to loftier tone,
That wisdom bade thee joyful range
Through worldly paths thou could'st not change,
And look with glad and sparkling eye
Even on life's cureless vanity.

--But now, thy being's inmost blood
Felt the deep power of solitude.
From Heaven a sudden glory broke,
And all thy angel soul awoke.
I hail'd the impulse from above,
And friendship was sublimed to love.
Fair are the vales that peaceful sleep
'Mid mountain-silence, lone and deep,
Sweet narrow lines of fertile earth,
'Mid frowns of horror, smiles of mirth!
Fair too the fix'd and floating cloud,
The light obscure by eve bestowed,
The sky's blue stillness, and the breast
Of lakes, with all that stillness blest.
But dearer to my heart and eye,
Than valley, mountain, lake, or sky,
One nameless stream, whose happy flow
Blue as the heavens, or white as snow,
And gently-swelling sylvan side,
By Mary's presence beautified,
Tell ever of expected years,
The wish that sighs, the bliss that fears,
Till taught at last no more to roam,
I worship the bright Star of Home.



AWAKE

By André Fontainas

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Contemporary Belgian Poetry*, by Various

Awake!

It is a joy among hibernal hours
To plunge into the pane the hoar-frost flowers;
Behold: the petals glittering on the pane
Open their wings that dream would follow fain.

Awake, and revel in the dawn's pure joys,
And smile upon the time the sun becalms:
In the bright garden, save in dream, no noise
But a long imagined shivering, O palms!

Come, and behold my love, as ever of old,

Make the vast silence flower lit by thy glance,
Glad with its peaceful pinions to enfold
Our passion soothed with rich remembrance.



POPPYFIELDS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Elinor Jenkins

A wilderness were better than this place
Where foregone seasons set a gentle spell
Decking it with such fair and tender grace
An angel might be pleased here to dwell;
Now all its gay delights are dismal grown
In the full glory of the summer time,
As from the horror of some evil thing
Its every grace had flown,--
Laid under penance for an unknown crime
The garden close lies sick and sorrowing.

Pale in the sultry splendour of the day
Each shoot a finger, stiffened wearily,
The harsh-leaved rosemary stands stark and grey
Pointing at that which none may ever see,
And darker grows the pansy's brooding face
With dark foreboding; and the lily's cup
Turns loathsome, festering sourly in the sun;
In the cypress's embrace
The valiant scented bay is swallowed up.
The roses all have withered, one by one.

Beyond the close, smothering the wholesome corn,
A flight of scarlet locusts fallen to earth
Baleful, and blighting all that they adorn,
The burnished heralds of a bitterer dearth,
Coral and flame and blood among the gold,
Like Eastern armies gorgeously dight
And raised by gramarye from English sod
With banners brave unrolled
Each silken tent enclosing dusky night,
Drowsy dream-laden poppies beck and nod.

Brighter than stains of that imperial hue
Spilled from the vats of sea-enthronèd Tyre,
Their flaunting ranks grow dull and blow anew
From smouldering rubies to fierce coals of fire,

As through the thunder-burdened air of noon
The slow clouds slowly drift and pass
Casting soft shifting shadows on the field.
Alas, and all too soon
The wearied eye 'gins ache for shaded grass
Though the charmed sense would to the glamour yield.

Now that love's rose has crumbled into dust,
And nought is left but sharp envenomed thorns,
Burning remorse with many a cruel thrust,
Bitter regret that unavailing mourns,
Now thought is fear and memory is pain
And hope a sickly pulse that will not cease,
And fame a gaping grave whereby we weep,
Nowhere now doth remain
A place of refuge for us, or release,
Save in the shadowy wastes of idle sleep.

Therefore, scorn not these flowers of phantasy
That blow about the ivory gate of dreams,
For though they have not truth or constancy
Yet very fair their idle semblance seems.
Though short the blest relief they bring to woe,
And wakening the worm 'gins gnaw again,
Yet comely truth is grown a grim death's head.
Fly the unconquerable foe;
Go, in an empty dream lost joys regain
And down among the poppies meet your dead.



MY YOUTH

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Songs of Labor and Other Poems*
by Morris Rosenfeld

Come, beneath yon verdant branches,
Come, my own, with me!
Come, and there my soul will open
Secret doors to thee.
Yonder shalt thou learn the secrets
Deep within my breast,
Where my love upsprings eternal;
Come! with pain opprest,
Yonder all the truth I'll tell thee,

Tell it thee with tears...
(Ah, so long have we been parted,
Years of youth, sweet years!)

See'st thou the dancers floating
On a stream of sound?
There alone, the soul entrancing,
Happiness is found!
Magic music, hark! it calls us,
Ringing wild and sweet!
One, two, three!--beloved, haste thee,
Point thy dainty feet!
Now at last I feel that living
Is no foolish jest...
(O sweet years of youth departed,
Vanished with the rest!)

Fiddler, play a little longer!
Why this hurry, say?
I'm but half-way through a measure--
Yet a little play!
Smiling in her wreath of flowers
Is my love not fair?
See us in the charmed circle,
Flitting light as air!
Haste thee, loved one, for the music
Shall be hushed anon...
(O sweet years of youth departed,
Whither are ye gone?)

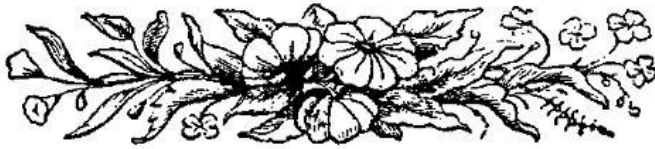
Gracious youth of mine, so quickly
Hath it come to this?
Lo, where flowed the golden river,
Yawns the black abyss!
Where, oh where is my beloved,
Where the wreath of flowers?
Where, oh where the merry fiddler,
Where those happy hours?
Shall I never hear the echoes
Of those songs again?
Oh, on what hills are they ringing,
O'er what sunny plain?
May not I from out the distance
Cast one backward glance
On that fair and lost existence,
Youth's sweet dalliance?
Foolish dreamer! Time hath snatched it,
And, tho' man implore,
Joys that _he_ hath reaped and garnered
Bloom again no more!



OBSESSION.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Poems*, by Muriel Stuart

I will not have roses in my room again,
Nor listen to sonnets of Michael Angelo
To-night nor any night, nor fret my brain
With all the trouble of things that I should know.
I will be as other women--come and go
Careless and free, my own self sure and sane,
As I was once ... then suddenly you were there
With your old power ... roses were everywhere
And I was listening to Michael Angelo.



FROM THE WOOLWORTH TOWER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Rivers to the Sea*, by Sara Teasdale

VIVID with love, eager for greater beauty
Out of the night we come
Into the corridor, brilliant and warm.
A metal door slides open,
And the lift receives us.
Swiftly, with sharp unswerving flight
The car shoots upward,
And the air, swirling and angry,
Howls like a hundred devils.
Past the maze of trim bronze doors,
Steadily we ascend.
I cling to you
Conscious of the chasm under us,
And a terrible whirring deafens my ears.

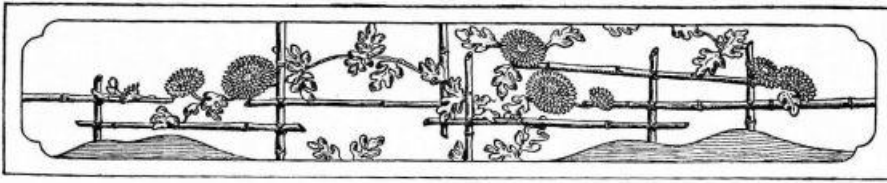
The flight is ended.

We pass thru a door leading onto the ledge--
Wind, night and space
Oh terrible height
Why have we sought you?
Oh bitter wind with icy invisible wings
Why do you beat us?
Why would you bear us away?
We look thru the miles of air,
The cold blue miles between us and the city,
Over the edge of eternity we look
On all the lights,
A thousand times more numerous than the stars;
Oh lines and loops of light in unwound chains
That mark for miles and miles
The vast black mazy cobweb of the streets;
Near us clusters and splashes of living gold
That change far off to bluish steel
Where the fragile lights on the Jersey shore
Tremble like drops of wind-stirred dew.
The strident noises of the city
Floating up to us
Are hallowed into whispers.
Ferries cross thru the darkness
Weaving a golden thread into the night,
Their whistles weird shadows of sound.

We feel the millions of humanity beneath us,--
The warm millions, moving under the roofs,
Consumed by their own desires;
Preparing food,
Sobbing alone in a garret,
With burning eyes bending over a needle,
Aimlessly reading the evening paper,
Dancing in the naked light of the cafe;,
Laying out the dead,
Bringing a child to birth--
The sorrow, the torpor, the bitterness, the frail joy
Come up to us
Like a cold fog wrapping us round.
Oh in a hundred years
Not one of these blood-warm bodies
But will be worthless as clay.
The anguish, the torpor, the toil
Will have passed to other millions
Consumed by the same desires.
Ages will come and go,
Darkness will blot the lights
And the tower will be laid on the earth.
The sea will remain

Black and unchanging,
The stars will look down
Brilliant and unconcerned.

Beloved,
Tho' sorrow, futility, defeat
Surround us,
They cannot bear us down.
Here on the abyss of eternity
Love has crowned us
For a moment
Victors.



XI

Project Gutenberg's *Irradiations; Sand and Spray*, by John Gould Fletcher

The clouds are like a sombre sea:
On shining screens of ebony
Are carven marvels of my heart.

'Gainst crimson placques of cinnabar
Shrills, like a diamond, dawn's last star.

The gardens of my heart are green:
The rain drips off the glistening leaves.
In the humid gardens of my soul,
The crimson peonies explode.

I am like a drop of rose-flushed rain,
Clinging to crimson petals of love.

In the afternoon, over gold screens,
I will brush the blue dust of my dreams.



ISADORA DUNCAN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Colors of Life*, by Max Eastman

You bring the fire and terror of the wars
Of infidels in thunder-running hordes,
With spears like sun-rays, shields, and wheeling swords
Flame shape, death shape and shaped like scimitars,
With crimson eagles and blue pennantry,
And teeth and armor flashing, and white eyes
Of battle horses, and the silver cries
Of trumpets unto storm and victory!

Who is this naked-footed lovely girl
Of summer meadows dancing on the grass?
So young and tenderly her footsteps pass,
So dreamy-limbed and lightly wild and warm--
The bugles murmur and the banners furl,
And they are lost and vanished like a storm!



TITHONUS.

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Enoch Arden*, &c., by Alfred Tennyson

The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapors weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes: I wither slowly in thine arms,

Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.

Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man--
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God!
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way
To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
'The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart
In days far-off, and with what other eyes

I used to watch--if I be he that watch'd--
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
How can my nature longer mix with thine?
Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
Of happy men that have the power to die,
And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
Release me, and restore me to the ground;
Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
And thee returning on thy silver wheels.



ROME UNVISITED

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Charmides and Other Poems*, by Oscar Wilde

I.

THE corn has turned from grey to red,
Since first my spirit wandered forth
From the drear cities of the north,
And to Italia's mountains fled.

And here I set my face towards home,
For all my pilgrimage is done,
Although, methinks, yon blood-red sun
Marshals the way to Holy Rome.

O Blessed Lady, who dost hold
Upon the seven hills thy reign!
O Mother without blot or stain,
Crowned with bright crowns of triple gold!

O Roma, Roma, at thy feet
I lay this barren gift of song!
For, ah! the way is steep and long
That leads unto thy sacred street.

II.

AND yet what joy it were for me
To turn my feet unto the south,
And journeying towards the Tiber mouth
To kneel again at Fiesole!

And wandering through the tangled pines
That break the gold of Arno's stream,
To see the purple mist and gleam
Of morning on the Apennines

By many a vineyard-hidden home,
Orchard and olive-garden grey,
Till from the drear Campagna's way
The seven hills bear up the dome!

III.

A PILGRIM from the northern seas—
What joy for me to seek alone
The wondrous temple and the throne
Of him who holds the awful keys!

When, bright with purple and with gold
Come priest and holy cardinal,
And borne above the heads of all
The gentle Shepherd of the Fold.

O joy to see before I die
The only God-anointed king,
And hear the silver trumpets ring
A triumph as he passes by!

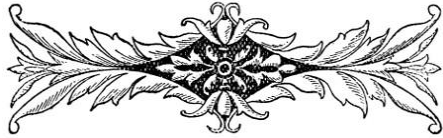
Or at the brazen-pillared shrine
Holds high the mystic sacrifice,
And shows his God to human eyes
Beneath the veil of bread and wine.

IV.

FOR lo, what changes time can bring!
The cycles of revolving years
May free my heart from all its fears,
And teach my lips a song to sing.

Before yon field of trembling gold
Is garnered into dusty sheaves,
Or ere the autumn's scarlet leaves
Flutter as birds adown the wold,

I may have run the glorious race,
And caught the torch while yet aflame,
And called upon the holy name
Of Him who now doth hide His face.



THE ADIEU.

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE.
The Project Gutenberg EBook of Byron's Poetical Works, Vol. 1, by Byron

1.

Adieu, thou Hill! [1] where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where Science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's paths we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

2.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes, [i]
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where Learning robed in sable reigns.
And Melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin plac'd,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,

For offerings on Oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effac'd.

3

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of Pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

4

Hall of my Sires! a long farewell--
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view:
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy Hall,
Forgets its wonted simple note--
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

5.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot, [2]
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet! [3] along whose rippling surge
My youthful limbs were wont to urge,
At noontide heat, their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

6.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?

Rocks rise and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet Mary, [4] all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd;
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

7.

And thou, my Friend! whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift [5] I wear [ii]
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem:
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

8.

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,--
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

9.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in Glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,
My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

10.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay, [6]
The meed of Pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies, and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

11.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although His meanest care.

12.

Father of Light! to Thee I call;
My soul is dark within:
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Who calm'st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die. [iii]

1807. [First published, 1832.]



THE AMARANTH

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Congo and Other Poems*, by Vachel Lindsay

Ah, in the night, all music haunts me here....
Is it for naught high Heaven cracks and yawns
And the tremendous Amaranth descends
Sweet with the glory of ten thousand dawns?

Does it not mean my God would have me say:--
"Whether you will or no, O city young,
Heaven will bloom like one great flower for you,
Flash and loom greatly all your marts among?"

Friends, I will not cease hoping though you weep.
Such things I see, and some of them shall come
Though now our streets are harsh and ashen-gray,
Though our strong youths are strident now, or dumb.
Friends, that sweet town, that wonder-town, shall rise.
Naught can delay it. Though it may not be
Just as I dream, it comes at last I know
With streets like channels of an incense-sea.



The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Love Poems*, by Émile Verhaeren

XXVIII

Was there in us one fondness, one thought, one
gladness, one promise that we had not sown before
our footsteps?

Was there a prayer heard in secret whose hands
stretched out gently over our bosom we had not
clasped?

Was there one appeal, one purpose, one tranquil
or violent desire whose pace we had not quickened?

And each loving the other thus, our hearts went
out as apostles to the gentle, timid and chilled
hearts of others;

And by the power of thought invited them to
feel akin to ours, and, with frank ardours, to
proclaim love, as a host of flowers loves the
same branch that suspends and bathes it in the
sun.

And our soul, as though made greater in this
awakening, began to celebrate all that loves,
magnifying love for love's sake, and to cherish
divinely, with a wild desire, the whole world
that is summed up in us.



PROMENADE

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Ghetto and Other Poems*, by Lola Ridge

Undulant rustlings,
Of oncoming silk,
Rhythmic, incessant,
Like the motion of leaves...
Fragments of color
In glowing surprises...
Pink inuendoes
Hooded in gray
Like buds in a cobweb
Pearled at dawn...
Glimpses of green
And blurs of gold
And delicate mauves
That snatch at youth...
And bodies all rosily
Fleshed for the airing,
In warm velvety surges
Passing imperious, slow...

Women drift into the limousines
 That shut like silken caskets
 On gems half weary of their glittering...
 Lamps open like pale moon flowers...
 Arcs are radiant opals
 Strewn along the dusk...
 No common lights invade.
 And spires rise like litanies--
 Magnificats of stone
 Over the white silence of the arcs,
 Burning in perpetual adoration.



SONG OF THE MORNING STAR TO LUCIFER.

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 Vol. I

He fades utterly away and vanishes, as it proceeds.

Mine orbèd image sinks
 Back from thee, back from thee,
 As thou art fallen, methinks,
 Back from me, back from me.
 O my light-bearer,
 Could another fairer
 Lack to thee, lack to thee?
 Ah, ah, Heosphoros!
 I loved thee with the fiery love of stars
 Who love by burning, and by loving move,
 Too near the throned Jehovah not to love.
 Ah, ah, Heosphoros!
 Their brows flash fast on me from gliding cars,
 Pale-passioned for my loss.
 Ah, ah, Heosphoros!

Mine orbèd heats drop cold
 Down from thee, down from thee,
 As fell thy grace of old
 Down from me, down from me,

O my light-bearer,
Is another fairer
Won to thee, won to thee?
Ah, ah, Heosphoros,
Great love preceded loss,
Known to thee, known to thee.
Ah, ah!
Thou, breathing thy communicable grace
Of life into my light,
Mine astral faces, from thine angel face,
Hast inly fed,
And flooded me with radiance overmuch
From thy pure height.
Ah, ah!
Thou, with calm, floating pinions both ways spread,
Erect, irradiated,
Didst sting my wheel of glory
On, on before thee
Along the Godlight by a quickening touch!
Ha, ha!
Around, around the firmamental ocean
I swam expanding with delirious fire!
Around, around, around, in blind desire
To be drawn upward to the Infinite--
Ha, ha!

Until, the motion flinging out the motion
To a keen whirl of passion and avidity,
To a dim whirl of languor and delight,
I wound in gyant orbits smooth and white
With that intense rapidity.
Around, around,
I wound and interwound,
While all the cyclic heavens about me spun.
Stars, planets, suns, and moons dilated broad,
Then flashed together into a single sun,
And wound, and wound in one:
And as they wound I wound,--around, around,
In a great fire I almost took for God.
Ha, ha, Heosphoros!

Thine angel glory sinks
Down from me, down from me--
My beauty falls, methinks,
Down from thee, down from thee!
O my light-bearer,
O my path-preparer,
Gone from me, gone from me!
Ah, ah, Heosphoros!
I cannot kindle underneath the brow

Of this new angel here, who is not thou.
All things are altered since that time ago,--
And if I shine at eve, I shall not know.

I am strange--I am slow.

Ah, ah, Heosphoros!

Henceforward, human eyes of lovers be
The only sweetest sight that I shall see,
With tears between the looks raised up to me.

Ah, ah!

When, having wept all night, at break of day
Above the folded hills they shall survey
My light, a little trembling, in the grey.

Ah, ah!

And gazing on me, such shall comprehend,
Through all my piteous pomp at morn or even
And melancholy leaning out of heaven,
That love, their own divine, may change or end,
That love may close in loss!

Ah, ah, Heosphoros!



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